

A true Narrative
Of the late PLOT

IRELAND.

IF Villany were encouraged, and Revenge went unpunish'd, we should have as many Plots as there are private Animosities, and as many Discoverers as there are Assassins in Spain, to Murder any Man for a Brace of Dollars. The late Irish Plot contriv'd in France has made no small noise about the Town, and tho there be many, whose itch after Bloodshed or Distraction, will be ready to believe any thing against the best of Men by the worst of Mistrants, upon the slightest occasion, I shall, for the satisfaction of the most Curious and Inquisitive Spirits, give a true and perfect Relation, not only of the late Irish Plot, but of its Contriver, with all its Circumstances, and afterwards leave the Impartial Reader to make his own Constructions of it.

Dennis Tool, a Native Irish Man and Papist, formerly Footman to the Honorable Colonel *Justin Macarty*, and for several Dexterous and Famous Exploits (as Filching and Stealing, turn'd out of his Service) liv'd a Vagabond about the Town; at last want and necessity (the Mother of Invention) putting him upon some new Expedient, he thought the Charitable Churchman was the fittest person for him to try his Experiments upon.

Inspir'd with the success of his new Project, he goes over to *Lambeth* to the late Bishop, telling him his Name was *Shelden*, and tho he had been born in *Ireland*, yet his Predecessors were of the same Family. He told the Bishop, besides his being reduced to some Necessities in his Absence from his Relations, he had another thing which was a greater Torment than the rest, that was, that he had unhappily been Baptiz'd and bred up in the *Roman Catholick* Faith, which he said he had for a long time endeavour'd to cast off, and embrace the Protestant Religion, desiring his Grace to Instruct and be Assisting to him therein.

The Credulous good Man believing all for Gospel, took him into his Patronage and Protection, allowing him Daily Food, not only for his Soul, but his Body too, which indeed he valu'd most.

After he had lived some time in the Bishops House, Captain *Shelden* going into *France* with a Company, this *Tool*, alias *Shelden*, was recommended by the Bishop as a Volontier, allowing him Equipage and every thing, scitting a Relation and Namefake.

It happen'd at the Siege of *Strasburgh*, Captain *Shelden* being Kill'd, his Brother succeeded him in the Command. Mr. *Tool* expecting the next Command, and taking it in Dudgeon that the Company was bestow'd upon another, immediately applied himself to Count *Lovv*, telling him, That he had a great deal of Injustice done him, he being next of Kin to Captain *Shelden* who was Kill'd at *Strasburgh*, and that the other who pretended to be his Brother, was no Relation to him.

The General (he affirming it with so many Oaths) gave some Credit to what he had said, and seeing him in good Equipage, made him a Quarter-Master of a Troop, till such time as the matter was decided.

Collonel *Macarty* being then in the Campaign, it was refer'd to him, as the fittest Person to decide it, being acquainted with the chief of the Nobility and Gentry of *England*. Being asked by the General about it, the Collonel told the truth of all, How he was an Impostor, his Name not being *Shelden*, but *Tool*, an *Irishman* and his Footman, and how he had turn'd him away for Thieving, and other Villanies, which being thus detected he was turn'd out of the Army, Swearing Ten Thousand Oaths to be Revenged upon Collonel *Macarty*. Upon this he went to the Lord *Preston* to *Paris*, telling him he had a Plot to discover Of a Design of Landing 40000 *French* in *Ireland*, carried on by Collonel *Macarty*, the Earl of *Clanrickard*, the Lord *Clare*, &c. who were to betray and deliver up *Galloway*, *Cork*, *Waterford* &c. to the *French*.

The Lord *Preston* told him, he would not concern himself with any Plots in that Kingdom, but if he had any thing material to relate, his best way wou'd be to apply himself to the King and Council in *England*. He accordingly came, where being Examined about the Plot, he Endeavoured to make out what he had before asserted, Affirming that 40000 Arms had been privately convey'd into *Ireland* for that End, and that he himself had been Instrumental in sending over 10000, upon this being told, That if he cou'd produce any such Arms, or name where he had placed such Arms, so that he might procure any to be produced, he shou'd be believ'd to all the rest of the Plot, otherwise, the *Porters-Lodg* was fitter for him then a *Pardon*. So the terrible Plot fell, and the Plotter vanish'd, there being since no Intelligence of him.